Fortunes Tennis-Ball: X

OR,

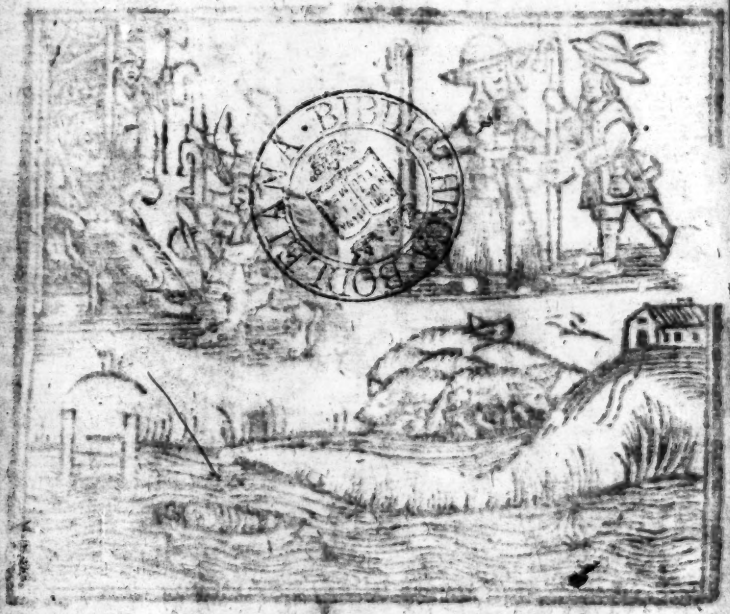
The Most Excellent History OF Dorastus and Fawnia.

Rendered in Delightful English Verse; and worthy the Perusal of all sorts of People

By *S. S.* Gent. *Lucis Anecdeon.*

Licensed according to Order.

Printed by *A. M.* for *J. Deacon* at the Angel in *Guilt-spur-Street*, 1688.


BIBLIOTECA NACIONAL

The most Excellent History OF DORASTUS and FAWNIA.

CANT. I.

Bohemia's King is visited
By Sicil's *Prince (who hath been bred*
In King Pandosto's *Royal Court:)*
Who doubts his Queen and he do sport
Between the sheets, and (though in vain)
Contrives a way to have been slain:
Egistus *sees the snare, and flies*
By Sea, to escape these Treacheries.

INspire me gentle Love, and jealousie
Give me thy passion, and thy extasie:
While to a pleasant Air I strike the strings,
Singing the Fates of Lovers and of Kings.
Fertile *Bohemia* (fam'd in *German* stories,
For happy government, and of her glories.)
Had once a King *Pandosto* nam'd, by birth
Exceeding Royal, and for innate worth
Every way excellent: his royal Mate,
Bellaria call'd, a woman blest by Fate,

With learned Education, fair by nature,
For Vertue famous, earths divineſt creature:
This happy pair had not been married long,
(Scarce had they teach'd the Key of *Hymens* (ſong)
When generous *Lucina* gave a boy,
To their hearts comfort, and the general joy:
The King to manifeſt his high content,
Proclaim'd a ſolemn Juſt or Turnament;
Fame bears the Embaſſie on Eagles wings,
His Court is now a Parliament of Kings:
Great feaſtings, masks, mirth, & deeds of arms,
While *Honor* ſits inthron'd *with* all her charms
But when this great Aſſembly takes her leave,
(And Royal Preſent from the King receive)
The Infant Prince (*Garinter*) doth conſort
With careful Nurſes in his Fathers Court;
What can the powers Etherial add to this?
Can great *Pandoſto* wiſh for better bliſs?
Or ſweet *Bellaria* covet more than Fate
Already hath confer'd? But what Eſtate
Can boaſt a firm fixt *Baſis*, if the blind,
Falſe, fickle Goddeſs hath its fall deſign'd:
Sicilia's King (*Egiſtus*) who had found
His Education on *Bohemian* ground
From's Infancy, until the gods had given
Him power on earth like to the powers in hea-
To manifeſt no tract of time could race (ven:
His friendſhip out, nor diſtancy of place
Eſtrange his love, in ſhips well rig'd & man'd,
To cauſe requir'd the pyrats to withſtand.

Bur-

Burthens great *Neptune's* back, a choſen train
Of peers attending on their Soveraign:
The winds were ſtill, no noxious blaſt has pow-
To ſally forth from *Æolas* brazen tower; (er
The ſeas are calm, the crooked Dolphins play,
Doris fair daughter dancing all the way,
Till great *Egiſtus* treads that happy earth,
Had been his Foſter-mother from his birth.
Bellaria in whoſe breaſt the Graces reſted,
With all the Glories of her ſex inveſted)
Imagining her Husbands Kingly heart
Would be the more her own, did ſhe impart
All ſpecial favours to his friend, admitted,
(Perhaps more intimacy than befitted)
Egiſtus to her private walks, her Eye
Revealing her mind's (juſt) captivity:
His Chamber oftentimes ſhe would frequent,
Which caus'd ſuſpicion, tho' no ill was meant:
For theſe two Conſtellations ſtill did move
Within the Orb of true *Platonick* love.
Pandoſto marks their meetings, and doth fry
In the blue flames of baneful jealouſie:
He calls to mind the beauty of his dear,
And then *Egiſtus* merits do appear
Full bloom'd; he next begins to ſcrutinize
Their private union, and their Coloquies;
He ſtraightway fancies, and concludes at laſt,
Egiſt. a Villain, and his Wife unchaſt:
Theſe erring fires ſhall lead him up and down
Till he grows weary of his Life and Crown.

But yet he knows not which way to compose
A ruine which may (falsly) crush his Foes:
He knows *Egistus* is a mighty King,
And cannot sink without his ruining:
He knows his Wife has every subjects heart,
Paying just homage to her high desert:
Since then there is no force of publick force,
He now resolves to take a private course:
Egistus shall not fall by steel, but die
By poyson, this must *Franion*'s industry
Accomplish; he that bears his cup must kill
His gentle friend, and he'l reward thee ill
With numerous dignities, but *Franion*'s soul
Dreadly abhors to act a deed so foul:
He therefore lets before the King what guilt
He would accrew, what blood must needs be spilt
What miseries must follow: but in vain (split
Does *Franion* charm his Serpent soveraign:
He must perform't or die; O killing words!
But *Franion*, who by millions of swords
Had rather perish, than (to give consent
Unto his Prince) to kill the innocent:
Resolves (what ever haps) to break the thing,
Though't break his neck) unto *Sicilia*'s King:
To him he opens all; *Egistus* scarce
Can credit *Franion*'s tale, though his discourse
Have secret truth for warrant. Can it be
Pandosto should be treacherous? (quoth he)
First i'le believe earth moves, & heaven stands
I never propt his foe, or sought his ill: (still,

But

But *Franion*, to remove all doubts, declares
If that *Egiſtus* will forſake theſe ſnares,
And ſail into *Sicilia*, if when there
(Safe in his fulgent throne, & free from fear.)
The truth of this Narration were not ſhown,
To ſeize his life by tortures yet unknown.
Egiſtus now believes, and craves advice
Of *Franion* (whom he finds maturely wiſe)
He counſels him, if now the winds ſat right,
To weigh his Anchor, and ſet ſail that night.
Fortune (though blind) favours this righteous cauſe,
With buſie care: nor doth *Egiſtus* pauſe,
But (by the help of *Franion*) ſecretly
With winged haſte (by help of *Luna*'s lunacy)
He paſſes through the City Poſtern-gate
With all his train, and is ſo bleſt by fate,
To find the Skies ſerene, the Surgos came
Within the ſight of *Syracuſe*; the ſhore
Is throng'd with loyal ſubjects, to adore
Their lawful Prince; their cheerful ecchoes ring,
Heavens bleſs our Soveraign, GOD preſerve the KING.

CANT. II.

Pandosto *seizes on his Queen,*
What various griefs and woes are seen:
She brings a Daughter forth, whom he
Leaves to the mercy of the Sea,
In a frail boat: Bellaria's *tryd*
For looseness and for Paracide:
But by Apollo's *upright doom,*
She 'scapes a wisht-for Martyrdom.
The Prince Garinter *dies, whose death*
Bereaves the Queen Bellaria's *breath.*
Pandosto's *penitence (too late)*
Who builds a Tomb to humour fate.

EGistus thus delivered by the god;
From eminent ruine, all their Altars loads
With Sacrifices, for their blest support,
When death did want him in *Pandosto*'s Court:
Whose Citizens are all in uproar, they
Believe that the *Sicilians* went away. (flight
Doubting some curst contrivance, since their
Was shrouded with the sullen mists of night:
But King *Pandosto* now will pawn his life,
That his Cup-bearer (*Franion*) and his Wife
Bellaria, had plotted this protection,
Pr v'd by the fervency of her affection:
So swoln with rage, he instantly commands
These of the Guard, to lay their guity hands

Upon

Upon his guiltleſs Queen (there's no denial)
And make her Priſoner till the day of tryal:
The Guard (with much reluctancy) perform
The King commands, the words of Kings can
(charm.
They find her playing with her pretty Son
Garinter, and declare what muſt be done
Bellaria ſwouns for ſorrow, when ſhe hears
The cruel meſſage (which they tell in tears.)
But her immaculate, thrice ſpotleſs mind,
Sings her *Quietus*, though her death's deſign'd:
Away ſhe goes (free from the thought of crime)
In doleful ſighs and tears to paſs the time.
Pandoſto then complains (his own diſgrace)
That King *Egiſtus* had ſupply'd his place,
Rode in his ſaddle, (tho' his old companion)
By the lewd practice of the Trayton *Franion*,
Who now is fled away with *Sicils* King,
He therefore muſt be juſt in puniſhing
His Wifes adultery, the people (who
Do never further than the outſide go)
Eaſily fancy the report, ſhe ſtood
(Say they) one fair in fame, ſhe once was good:
The injur'd Queen mean time is tyr'd with wo;
And now (as Fates conſpire her overthrow)
She finds her ſelf with Child, ſhe wrings her
(hands,
For now, quoth ſhe, the King confirmed ſtands,
(Who cruelly conſents to credit fables)
That *Egiſt.* put a wrong point in his tables:

O how

O how does Fortune in disaster vary,
Tho' safely brought to bed, I must miscarry;
The sailor bears a part in this same Ditty,
And thinking it would move the King to pity,
Conveys the story to his Royal Ear,
Who raves & foams like some incensed Bear,
Baited by Mastiffs: he shall surely die,
Qd. he, tho' *Jove* should give my words the lie;
Her Bastard too shall suffer death, by this,
The Glory of the Sex delivered is
Of a fair Daughter, this *Pandosto* hears,
And holding up his hand to Heaven, swears
Both Child & Mother shall be burnt with fire,
His Nobles strive to mitigate his ire:
They tell him that his Queen had ever prov'd
How much she honour'd, & how much she lov'd
His sacred Person; say she were desir'd,
Nature and Justice yet would spare the child:
But all these reasons cannot 'bate his grudge,
Who is the Queens Accuser, and her Judge!
But yet at last he is content to spare
The child, but find a death more cruel far:
He lights on this device: the child, quoth he,
As't came by Fortune, so to Destiny
I will commit it in a sledgy Boat;
This Royal Infant must on *Neptune* float;
Left to the mercy of the winds & seas, (these:
But Heaven has care of such sweet Babes as
He then commands his Guard to fetch the Brat
(For so he terms it) who was sucking at

Its

Its mothers milky tears; what heart can think?
Had I huge Oaks for Pens, the ſea for Ink,
And *Homer*'s deathleſs Verſe, I could not ſhow
Half the ſtern horror of *Bellaria*'s woe. (child
Half dead they leave the Queen, and bring the
Whoſe face would make a ſavage *Scythian* mild,
Unto the King, who ſtrait commands his guard
To put it into the little Boat, prepar'd
For this fell purpoſe, neither Rudder nor
A Sail to guide it to ſome happy ſhore;
The Infant plac'd, unto a ſhip they tye
The little Bark, and hale it inſtantly
Into the Main; this done, they cut the cord,
And then return to certifie their Lord.
They were no ſooner gone, but there aroſe
A mighty Tempeſt, like to potent Foes:
Auſtes with *Boreas* fights, the ſeas ſwell high,
The ſparkling Surges front the weeping Skie.
But here the Muſe muſt leave this Theam a while
And unto King *Pandoſto* turn her ſtile: (grief,
Who yet not glutted with revenge, conveens
All his chief Lords, declaring that he means,
His trothleſs Queen in open Court to try,
For Murder (meant) and for Adultery:
Behold, *Bellaria*'s at the Bar, ſhe throws
A light about her, though hem'd in with woes,
Her innocence gives courage above thought.
And now the Kings hir'd witneſſes are *brought*
Who heard the hapleſs Queen declare her
That King *Pandoſto* ever had the chief

Seat

Seat in her heart, that she had ever been
His faithful subject, and his loyal Queen:
That she no love had to *Egistus* shown,
But such as strictest Anchorites might own;
Pandosto tells her, that her surest fence
(Considering her Crime) was impudence:
Her guilt emboldens her, but thou shalt die,
Quoth he, by furious fire, to typifie
Thy fate in Hell: *Bellaria* kneeling on
The humble earth (in a distracted tone)
Besought the King, by the great love he bare,
To his young son *Garinter*, his sole heir,
To grant her one request; 'twas this, to send
Six of his Nobles, *Phœbus* to attend
At *Delphos*, if that God (who all things knew)
Should ratifie her guilt, all torments due
To parricide, and vile adulterous sin,
Practis'd against the Person of a King,
Might be inflicted: this most just request
So reasonable, could not find the least
Repulse, without *Pandosto* by his deeds
Will make it know, his Will all Law exceeds:
The Queen returns to Prison, he to Court;
And the six Lords together now consort
For *Cynthia*'s temple, & three weeks expir'd,
Their feet salute that shore so much desir'd;
With great Devotion the six Peers pass on,
Unto the fane of fam'd *Hyperion*;
Where come, they offer liberal sacrifice,
And gratifie his Priests with Gifts of price:

They

They had not long chanted the Hymn divine
Kneeling down before *Apollo*'s shrine, (der,
But they might hear a voice resembling thun-
(To their great joy, but to their greater won-
Crying, *Bohemians*, what ye apt to find (der)
Behind the Altar, take up: 'tis the mind
Of great *Apollo*, they forthwith obey, (say.
And find a parchment scroll, which thus did

THE ORACLE.

Suspicions are no proofs, and jealousie
A Judge that's swag'd by damn'd partiality:
Bellaria's *chast*, Egistus *void of blame*,
Pandosto *treatherous, and void of shame:*
Franion's *a Loyal Subject; the sweet Child,*
(That in a paper Cock-boat was exil'd
Its native Country) is most innocent:
Pandosto *shall embrace his Monument,*
Without an Heir, unless the Femal's found,
whom July *men conjecture to be drown'd.* (led,

No sooner had the Lords this Schedule hand-
But by *Apollo*'s Priests they were commanded,
Not to presume to read it till they came
Unto *Pandosto* (as they dread the name
Of sacred *Phœbus*) home return'd, they tell
The King what hapned at the Oracle:
Shewing the scroll, the Nobles of the Land
Intreat the King forthwith would command
The Queen unto the Bar, and there, before
The Lords & Commons, if she were a Whore,

Ap-

Appoint her such a death as might deter
Her sex from paths so much irregular;
But if her grace were faultless found, that then
She might be lov'd and honour'd once agen.
This counsel pleas'd *Pandosto*, and next day
His Peers they all appear, the people they
May witness with them; poor *Bellaria* stands
Before the Bar, to Heaven her eyes and hands
She lifts, her soul-Indictment's read, but she
Puts in a pithy and a noble plea;
Pandosto then commands a Duke to read
The scroll, being what *Apollo* had decreed:
Which when the people heard, they clapt their hands
While King *Pandosto* all amazed stands,
Asham'd of his rash folly, but at last
He begs *Bellaria* to forgive what's past:
But while he's courting her, that's easily led,
Black news is brought that Prince *Garinter's*
which soon as fair *Bellaria* hears, she dies, (dead,
Her soul ascending to the Deities.
The King (affectionate too late) so much
Laments her death, his inward grief is such,
For 3 days space he's speechless, but at length
Recovering his forfeit speech and strength;
He pours forth seas of tears, and makes such moan,
Rocks would relent to hear him sigh & groan:
But time asswages these laments: the King
Makes preparation for the burying
Of chast *Bellaria*, and his lifeless Heir,
Whom in one sumptuous tomb he doth interr

Making

Making such solemn Obsequies, as told
How dear he did his Queen *Bellaria* hold:
Upon whose Tomb (the glory of her kind)
In golden Letters were these numbers sign'd,
Here lies intomb'd Bohemia's *blessed Queen,*
(Bellaria) *whose fame shall flourish green;*
While Sol *shall dart a beam, accus'd to be*
Unchast and conscious of Adultery:
But by Apollo's *sacred arbitration,*
Restor'd with glory to her former station.
Yet slain with grief at last, grief that had long
Surchang'd her soul, caus'd by her Husbands wrong:
Therefore whoe'r thou art that passest by
Curse him that caus'd this Royal Queen to die.
Into this Monument once every day
The King *Pandosto* would repair, to pay
Adolorous Tribute, where (lamenting) we
Will leave him, and review the raging sea,
Where his young Daughter floats on *Neptunes* back,
High Providence protecting her from wrack.

CANT. III.

The Child that floated on the Main,
Is sav'd by a Sicilian *Swain:*
Who fosters her with happy care,
Till she is almost fit to bear:
Her glorious beauty is made known,
To King Egistus's *only Son:*
Who comes to game, but when they part,
Fawnia *secludes his Princely heart:*

(*Doubt-*

(Doubting his Father's rage) they flye
With an intent for Italy,
But by a sullen fate are driven
Into a fair Bohemian *Haven*:
Doraſtus *is to Priſon ſent,*
(For Fawnia's *direful diſcontent)*
Who now is known Pandoſto's *Heir*;
All to Sicilia *then repair*:
There theſe two Lovers (croſt by Fate
Till now) becomes incorporate:
Pandoſto *kills himſelf, and leaves*
His Crown, Doraſtus *it receives.*

THe Infant Princeſs by a cruel doom,
Allow'd in bright-hair'd *Phœbus* angr
(wom
(Toſt by the mercileſs winds and angry ſeas
Avoids the horrid ſhock for two whole days
But had not ſcap'd the third, if ſhe that guide
Saphire-hew'd *Neptune*, and in triumph ride
Over the ſurface of the ſwelling deep,
Had not commanded *Spio* ſafe to keep
The Royal babe; the plyant Nymph obeys
Guiding the boat through *Neptunes* p thes
Till on the Coaſt of *Sicily* it ſta ds, (ways
There *Spio* leaves it ſticking on the ſands:
It fortuned a ſhepherd that had loſt
One of his Flock, implores about the Coaſt,
His ſheep he ſeekt in vain: but in's retreat
The ſhepherd hears this pretty Lamb to bleat

He ſtands amaz'd a while, being crampt with (fear,
But taking heart of grace, he comes more near:
Finding the faireſt Babe e're ſeen with eye,
Wrapt in a Mantle broidered curiouſly:
The ſhepherd (who's aſtoniſht at the thing)
Reſolves to bear the Child unto the King;
The pretty Bantling in his arms he bears,
And preſently unto his Cot repairs:
But as the ſhepherd ſeiz'd the Royal Child,
A Purſe of Gold he at her feet beheld:
His mind is altered now, himſelf will keep
The Infant (who does writhe his head & weep,
Wanting the dulcide Dug) but he haſts home,
And is no ſooner to his Manſion come,
But the Child cries aloud; the ſhepherdeſs
(Amaz'd) with both her hands her ſelf doth (bleſs.
Women (tho' excellent) are ſo much accurſt
By Nature, that they ſtill believe the worſt:
She thinks it is ſome Baſtard, ſeizes on
A Cudgel, vowing Chaſtigation:
The goodyman ſeeing her, (who wore the (Breeches)
Arm'd with her Mace, ſtrives with the faireſt (ſpeeches,
To paciſie her rage, but his ſweet Honey
Cannot be won, until the Purſe of Money
Greet her gray eyes; declaring all the matter,
How he had found the Infant on the water:
She then began to ſimper ſomewhat ſweetly,
And in her arms ſhe takes the Babe moſt neatly;

Be sure (quoth he) you never blab our store,
Profit (qd. she) is a good Hatch to th' door:
All things in order set, he carefully
Doth keep his sheep, she sings a Lullaby
At home unto her Babe: the Child grew tall,
Inrich'd with all those Graces which we call
Supreamly excellent; she's *Fawnia* nam'd,
Fawnia, that shall in future time be fam'd:
The honest shepherd and the shepherdess
Her Father and Mother she doth guess;
Whom she obey'd in all things, yet her face
Was so Cœlestial; and with such a grace
She bears her self (so young, and yet so sage)
All men might run and see her Parentage.
The Swainlings who live near, do wonder sore
That *Porrus*, who was once so very poor,
Should on the sudden have such wondrous store
Blest with a daughter too, whose wit & feature
Almost declar'd she was no mortal creature;
Who now such favour finds in each man's eye,
Sicilia's Prince hears of her fulgency;
Egistus Son (*Dorastus*) whose rare parts
Wan *him* the peoples *wonder*, with their hearts:
Now by the gods (qd. he) speaking in laughter,
I will go see the shepherds handsom daughter:
Who kept her fathers sheep with solemn care.
The chearful Sun did for the West prepare,
When Prince *Dorastus* goes from Court, set on,
And finds the fairest *Fawnia* all alone;
Somnus had seiz'd her senses on the ground,

Cloath'd

Cloth'd with ſweet graſs, ſhe ſlept, her head (was crown'd
With a fine flowry Chaplet, *Flora* ſhe,
Or arrow-loving *Cynthia* ſeem'd to be:
But while the Prince doth feed his greedy eyes
His noble heart becomes her beauties prize:
Who waking, wonders; ſhe conceits ſome god
Had left the pleaſures of his bright abod,
To bleſs Mortality, upon her knee
She falls; Incomparable *Mago*, quoth he,
I am no Deity; *though Princes are*
Call'd gods, like other mortal men they fare,
And travel to the Grave the ſelf-ſame way.
I am thy ſlave, moſt beautious *Fawnia*,
Behold *Doraſtus* King *Egiſtus* Son,
Implores thy love, ſure *Fawnia* can be won;
The ſhepherdeſs (whoſe colour went and came)
To hear of Love, and Prince *Doraſtus* Name,
Replies, *My gracious Lord, it is your will*
To jeſt with her who ſhall adore you ſtill.
But ſimple ſhepherds never aim ſo high
As Princes Courts; the brow of Majeſty
Breaks their frail ſenſes, Odours poyſon them,
They dare not gaze upon a Diadem.
This ſaid, ſhe roſe, and reverently bow'd,
While 1000 thoughts about her ſoul do crowd:
The Prince repay'd her courteſie with a kiſs;
Can Heaven (qd. he) afford a greater bliſs?
Now by the Powers cœleſtial, ſhould my father
(As ſure he will) & all earthly Kings together,

Conſpire to hinder my Reſolves, I'de do (to;
What my unbounded thoughts do prompt me
I'le wed thee *Fannia*, we this night will fly
From hence (my Dear) to fertile *Italy*:
Good ſtore of Gold and Jewels we will bear
Along, the rich find friendſhip every where:
Fannia replies, Your Highneſs ſpeech ſhall be,
As true and ſacred Oracles to me.
Diſpoſe your humble handmaid as you pleaſe,
Within theſe few hours we will take the ſeas;
(Quoth he) I have a truſty ſervant, who
I know will further what I liſt to do:
Him will I ſend to thee within this hour,
Him follow; and may the Almighty power
Proſper our loves: this ſaid, they kiſs & part;
Doraſtus ſoon (aided by *Capnia*'s art)
Fills three fair Casks full of Gold, beſide
Trunks full of rich Attire for his fair Bride:
A ſhip lies ready, and (as their intents
Were own'd by Heaven) no rude North-wind (rents
The rolling waves, while things preparing were
Capnia doth unto *Fannia* repair;
Who welcomes this true ſervant to her Lord,
By whom ſhe preſently is brought on board:
The Mariners finding ſuch pleaſant gales,
Prepare for Inching, and expand their ſails:
When lo, *Doraſtus* comes and clips his Dear,
And now they on the raging Ocean are;
Who flatters for a while, but ſuddenly
A paleful darkneſs muffles up the ſky!

The

The winds are all inlarg'd, dire thunders heard,
The Maſter pores in vain upon the Card:
All look for death, when lo, a minutes time
Makes ſatisfaction for three days crime:
All's whiſt, and they are lodg'd upon the port
That's not far diſtant from *Pandoſto*'s Court,
Doraſtus droops ſo to miſtake his way,
Inſtead of *Italy*, *Bohemia*.
Fawnia laments, for now, behold, there came
Some of *Pandoſto*'s Guard, to know what name
The Ship did bear, and preſently to bring
All her Inhabitants unto the King.
There no excuſe can ſerve, along they go,
Doraſtus, *Fawnia*, and *Capnio*,
With lowly homage, humbled on the knee,
They do ſalute *Bohemia*'s Majeſty;
Who askt *Doraſtus* what's his name, & whence
He came, and ſtraitway renders his pretence:
My name, Sir, is *Meleagrus*, by my birth
A Knight, brought up on *Trapolonian*'s earth:
This Gentlewoman, whom I mean to make
My wife, is an *Italian*, for whoſe ſake
(Doubting her friends conſent) I took my way
By partial Fate, to *Trapolonia*;
But forc'd by tempeſt hither ('gainſt my mind)
Where I ſhall hope hoſpicious friends to find.
Pandoſto ſtarting from his Throne, replies,
Now by the everliving Deities,
Thou art a perjur'd *Traytor*, and haſt won
This Lady to her ſure deſtruction;

By

By curſed frauds, who for her grace & beau
Merits that mighty Kings ſhould do her duty
And till I hear of her deſcent, and can
Prove that thou art a *Trapolozian*,
A Priſon ſhall contain thee. No reply
Doraſtus made, being hurried preſently
To priſon; *Fawnia* wrings her Lilly palms,
And ſwoons away, vext with unceſſant qualms
Pandoſto, who (tho' old and ſapleſs grown)
Loves the lewd act more than he lov'd his (Crown.
He deeply doats on *Fawnia*, comforts her,
Promiſing, if ſhe'l preſently confer
Her love on him, he'l inſtantly ſet free
Her Knight, and raiſe him unto dignity:
She ſcarce refrains to pull the *Tyrants* beard,
Calls him a Dog for *Footy Dis* prepar'd.
A Month is paſt ſince King *Egiſtus* loſt
His ſon, who ſends about to every coaſt.
At laſt his willy Meſſengers reſort,
With haſty motion, to *Pandoſto*'s Court;
Who kindly welcomes them, their charge is (thus,
Where e're they find his ſon, with courteous
And winged language to convene him home;
But if they find he will yet further rome,
To bring him into *Sicily* by force:
But for poor *Fawnia*, her doom is worſe,
She muſt be murther'd inſtantly, and ſo
The Princes ſervant, faithful *Capnio*;

They

They had no ſooner told the Embaſſy,
But King *Pandoſto* ſendeth preſently
For *Melcagrus*; he's *Sicilia*'s Heir
He knows, and he is glad he has him there:
Doraſtus wonders at this great mutation,
But more to ſee ſome Lords of his own nation.
There is no bogling now, *Pandoſto*'s glad
That he ſhall manifeſt the hate he had
Conceiv'd 'gainſt *Fawnia* for her great diſdain
Commanding ſhe and *Capnio* ſhould be ſlain.
Fawnia (no doubt, inſpir'd by Heaven) cries,
O why did the cruel Deſtinies
Cauſe Prince *Doraſtus* to affect a Maid
So far beneath him, now to death betray'd?
But ſince I muſt forſake the World, take here
Brave Prince, this chain, which ſtill for my ſake
Which from my Infancy has ever been, I wear,
About my neck, but till now never ſeen.
Pandoſto ſtarts, he knew the chain of old,
It was his wives: he then began to hold (time
His thoughts in ſtrict ſuſpence, compares the
Since (mad with rage) he acted that *black* crime
He finds ſhe is his Daughter; ſtrait he rears
Himſelf from's throne, watring his cheeks with
Ah *Fawnia*! my ſweet *Fawnia*, he doth cry, (tears
All there admire at this ſtrange Colloquie:
Fawnia is not more glad that ſhe has found
So great a Father; then *Doraſtus* crown'd
With glorious hope, to gain ſo brave a wife,
The Lords on both ſides joy, that *now* the ſtrife

'Twixt

'Twixt the *Sicilians* and *Bohemia*'s State,
Shall cease, and nought remain of ancient hate.
The King great *Feasts* & *Justings* doth prepare
For joy he now hath found a Female Heir:
Which done, he does imbark himself and his,
With Prince *Dorastus*, and his only bliss
Divinest *Fawnia*: the *Sicilian* Peers
He takes along, and *Neptunes* brow appears
So smooth, in six days they see *Syracuse*,
Egistus marvels when he hears the news:
And having heard *Pandosto*'s story, sends
For *Porrus*, who was in the Jaylors hands,
Who tells the truth of all, how *Fawnia* scapt,
Shewing the Mantle wherein she was wrapt:
Pandosto Knights him, and the Lovers are
The next day married, *Hymen* every where
Is chanted: *Lo Hymen* each man sings,
And an eternal League 'twixt the two Kings
Concluded, every Commoner is feasted
For forty days, so long the triumph lasted;
Which was no sooner ended, but his soul
Vext for his former facts, so black and foul
Having betraid his Friend, and slain his Wife,
Pandosto's own hands takes *Pandosto*'s life:
Whose death for many days they do bewail,
And then *Dorastus* and his Queen set sail
For fair *Bohemia*, where he sumptuously
Inters his Father, Governs graciously
For many years, till Death (with little pain)
Did put a period to his Life and Reign.

FINIS.